A Courtly Masque:

The Deuice called, The VVorld tost at Tenn

As it hath beene diuers times Presented to th
Contentment of many Noble and Worthy
Spectators:

By the PRINCE *his Seruants.*

Inuented and set downe, By { *Tho: Middleton* & *William Rowley* } Gent.

London printed by *George Purslowe*, and are to be sold by at Christ

The Figures, and Perſons properly rayſde for *Employment through the whole* MASQVE.

First, Three Ancient and Princely Receptacles: Richmond, S^t. *Iames's*, Denmarke-Houſe.

A Scholler. { *Pallas,* / *Iupiter.* } *The 9. Worthies.* { *The firſt Song,* / *and firſt* Dance.

Time, a Plaintiffe.

But his grievances deliuered courteouſly.

The fiue Starches: White, Blue, Yellow, Greene, and Red.

The ſecond Dance.

Simplicitie, { *The Intermedler.* }
Deceit, { *The Diſguiſer:* }

The ſecond Song ſung by Reapers.

A King.
A Land-Captaine.
A Sea-Captaine.
Mariners.

The third Song, and third Dance.

The Flamen.
The Lawyer.

The fourth and laſt Dance: the Diuell an Intermixer.

TO THE TRVLY-NOBLE, CHARLES, LORD HOVVARD, *BARON OF* EFFINGHAM, AND TO HIS *VERTVOVS AND WORTHY* LADY, the Right Honourable, MARY, LADY *Effingham*, Eldeſt Daughter of the *truly Generous and Iudicious*, Sr. WILLIAM COKAYN, Knight, L. *Maior* of this CITY, *and* L. GENERALL *of the Militarie Forces.*

TO whom more properly may Art prefer
Works of this Nature, which are high, and rare,
(Fit to delight a Princes Eye and Eare)
Then to the hands of ſuch a Worthy Paire?
Imagine this (mixt with delight and State,
Being then an entertainment for the Beſt)
Your Noble Nuptials comes to celebrate:
And though it fall ſhort of the Day, and Feaſt

The Epistle Dedicatory.

Of your most sacred and united Loues;
Let none say therefore it vntimely moues:
It can, I hope, come out of Season, neuer,
To finde your loyes New; as at first, for euer.

Most respectfully deuoted

to both your HONORS,

Tho: Middleton.

To

To the well-wiſhing, -well reading *Vnderſtander, well-vnderſtanding Reader*; Simplicitie *S.P.D.*

AFter moſt harty commendations (my kinde and vnknowne friends) truſting in *Phœbus*, your vnderſtandings are all in as good health as *Simplicitie's* was at the writing hereof: This is to certifie you further, that this ſhort and ſmall Treatiſe that followes, call'd *A Maſque, The Deuice*, further Intituled, *The World toſt at Tennis*: How it will be now toſſ'd in the World, I know not; a toy brought to the Preſſe rather by the Printer, then the Poet; who requeſted an Epiſtle for his paſſe, to ſatisfie his peruſers how hitherto hee hath behau'd himſelfe. Firſt, for his Conception; he was begot in *Braine-ford*, borne on the Bankeſide of *Hellicon*, brought vp amongſt Noble, Gentle, Commons, and good Schollers of all ſorts, where (for his time) he did good and honeſt ſeruice beyond the ſmall Seas; hee was faire

faire-ſpoken, neuer accuſ'd of ſcurrilous or obſceane language, (a vertue not euer found in Sceanes of the like condition) of as honeſt meaning reputed, as his words reported; neither too bitterly taxing, nor too ſoothingly telling the Worlds broad abuſes, moderately merry, as ſententiouſly ſerious, neuer condemn'd but for his breuitie in ſpeech, euer wiſhing his Tale longer, to be aſſur'd he would cõtinue to ſo good a purpoſe: Hauing all theſe hanſome qualities ſimply and no other compounded with knauerie, there is great hope he ſhall paſſe ſtill by the faire way of good report, perſeuering in thoſe honeſt courſes which may become the ſonne of *Simplicitie*: who, though he be now in a Maſque, yet is his face apparant inough: and ſo (louing Couſins) hauing no Newes to ſend you at this time, but that Deceit is entring vpon you, (whom I pray you haue a care to auoid) and this notice I can giue you of him, there are ſome ſixe or eight Pages before him; the Lawyer and the Diuell behinde him; in this care I leaue you, not leauing to be

Your kinde and louing Kinſman,
Simplicitie.

PROLOGVS.

THis our Deuice, wee doe not call a Play,
Becauſe we breake the Stages Lawes to day
Of Acts & Sceanes, ſomtimes a Comick ſtraine
Hath hit delight home in the Maſter-vayne:
Thalia's prize, Melpomine's ſad ſtile,
Hath ſhooke the Tragicke hand another while;
The Muſe of Hiſtorie hath caught your eyes,
And ſhe chaunts the paſtorall Pſalteries:
We now lay claime to none, yet all preſent
Seeking out pleaſure to finde your content;
You ſhall perceiue by what comes firſt in ſight,
It was intended for a Royall Night.
There's one houres words, the reſt in Songs & Dances,
Lauds no mans owne, no man himſelfe aduances,
No man is lifted but by other hands,
Say he could leape, he lights but where he ſtands:
Such is our fate; if good, much good may't doe you,
If not (ſorry) weele loſe our labours wi' you.

AN INDVCTION TO THE MASQVE:

PREPAR'D

For his MAIESTIES Entertainment at *Denmarke*-House.

Enter *Richmond*, and St. *Iames's*.

St. *Iames's*.

WHy, *Richmond*, *Richmond*, why art so heauy?

Rich. I haue reason inough for that, good sainted Sister.

Am I not built with stone, faire, large, and free-stone, some part couer'd with Lead too?

St *Iea.* All this is but a light-headed vnderstanding now.

I meane, why so melancholy, thou lookst, mustily, me thinkes.

Rich. Doe I so? and yet I dwell in sweeter ayre

Then you, ſweet St *Iames's*: How three dayes
Warming has ſpirited you; you haue ſometimes
Your vacations as other of your friends haue,
If you call your ſelfe to minde.
St *Iam.* Thou neuer ſaw'ſt my new Gallery & my Tennis-court,
Richmond.
Rich. No: but I heard of it, and from whence it came too.
St *Iam.* Why, from whence came it?
Rich. Nay, lawfully deriu'd, from the Brickhils, as thou
Didſt thy ſelfe.
St *Iam.* Thou breed'ſt Crikets, I thinke, & that wil ſerue for the
Anagram to a Critique, come, I know thy griefe:
Thou fear'ſt that our late Riuall, *Denmarke*-Houſe,
Will take from our regard, and we ſhall want
The Noble preſence of our Princely Maſter,
(In his ſo frequent viſitation)
Which we were wont ſo fully to enioy.
Rich. And is not that a cauſe of ſorrow then?
St *Iam.* Rather a cauſe of Ioy, that we enioy
So faire a fellowſhip, *Denmarke*. Why, ſhee's
A ſtately Palace, and maieſticall,
Euer of courtly breeding, but of late
Built vp vnto a Royall height of ſtate,
Rounded with Noble proſpects, by her ſide,
The ſiluer-footed *Thameſis* doth ſlide,
As (though more faintly) *Richmond*, do's by thee.
Enter Denmarke-Houſe.
Which I (denied to touch) can onely ſee.
Rich. Who's this?
St *Iam.* Tis ſhe her ſelfe yfaith,
Comes with a courteous browe.
Den. Ye'are welcome, moſt nobly welcome.
St *Iam.* Hark you now, *Richmond*, did not I tel thee
Twas a Royall Houſe?
Den. Why, was there any doubt,

Of our kinde gratulation? I am proud
Onely to be in fellowship with you,
Co-mate and Seruant to so great a Master.
St *Iam.* Thats *Richmonds* feare, thou'lt rob vs both,
Thou hast such an enticing face of thine owne.
Den. Oh, let not that be any difference,
When we doe serue, let vs be ready for't.
And call'd at His great pleasure: the round yeere
In her circumferent armes will fold vs all,
And giue vs all employment seasonable.
I am for colder houres, when the bleake ayre
Bites with an Icy tooth: when Summer ha's sear'd
And *Autumne* all discolour'd, layd all Fallow,
Pleasure taken house, and dwels within doores,
Then shall my Towers smoke, and comely shew:
But when agen, the fresher morne appeares,
And the soft Spring renues her Veluet head,
St *Iames's* take my blest Inhabitants
For she can better entertaine them then,
In larger bounds, in Parke, sports, delights, and grounds.
A third season yet (with the Westerne Oares)
Calls vp to *Richmond*, when the high-heated yeere,
Is in her *Solstice*: Then she affords
More sweeter-breathing ayre, more bounds, more pleasures:
The Hounds lowd Musique to the flying Stagge,
The feather'd Talenter to the falling bird,
The Bow-mans twelue-score prick, euen at the doore,
And to these I could adde a hundred more.
Then let not vs striue which shall be his homes:
But striue to giue him welcome when he comes.
Rich. By my troth he shal be welcome to *Richmond*
When soeuer he comes.
St *Iam.* And to Saint *Iames's* yfaith at midnight.
Den. Meane time, 'tis fit I giue him welcome hither;
But first, to you my Royall Royall'st ghest,

And I could wiſh your Banquet were a Feaſt:
How e're your welcome is moſt bounteous,
Which, I beſeech you take as gracious:
To you my Owner, Maſter, and my Lord,
Let me the ſecond vnto you afford,
And then, from you to all: for it is you
That giues indeed, what I but ſeeme to doe.
I was from ruine rais'd by a faire hand,
A Royall hand: in that ſtate let me ſtand
For euer now: to bounty I was bred,
My cups full brim'd, and my free tables ſpred
To hundreds dayly, euen without my doore,
I had an open hand vnto the poore.
I know I ſhall ſo ſtill, then ſhall their pray'rs
Paſſe by the Porters Keyes, climbe vp each ſtayres,
And knit, and ioynt, my new reedifyde frames,
That I ſhall able bee to keepe your names
Vnto eternitie: *Denmarke* Houſe ſhall keepe
Hir high Name now, till Time doth fall aſleepe,
And bee no more: meane time, welcome, welcome,
Heartily welcome; but chiefely you (great Sir,)
What e're lyes in my power, command me all,
As freely as you were at your White-Hall. *Exeunt.*

A COVRTLY MASQVE.

Enter *Soldier*, and *Scholler*.

Scholler.

Oldier, ta-ra-ra-ra-ra. How ist? thou lookst as if thou hadst lost a field to day.

Sold. No, but I haue lost a day ith field: if you take me a maunding but where I am commanding, let vm shew me the house of correction.

Sch. Why, thou wert not maunding, wert thou? there's martiall danger in that, beleeue it.

Sold. No sir, but I was bold to shew my selfe to some of my old and familiar acquaintance; but being disguis'd with my wants, there's no body knew me.

Sch. Faith, and that's the worst disguise a man can walke in; thou wert better haue appeard drunke in good cloathes, much better: there's no superfluities shame a man; as to be ouer-braue, ouer-bold, ouer-swearing, ouer-lying, ouer-whoring, these adde still to his re-

pute;

pute; 'tis the poore indigence, the want, the lanke deficiencie; as when a man cannot be braue, dares not be bold, is afraid to sweare, wants maintenance for a lye, and money to giue a whore a supper: this is *pauper, cuius modicum non satis est*; nay, hee shall neuer be rich with begging neither, which is another wonder; because many beggers are rich.

Sold. Oh *Canina Facundia*! this dog-eloquence of thine wil make thee somewhat one day, Scholler; couldst thou turne but this prose into rime, there were a pittifull liuing to bee pickt out of it.

Sch. I could make Ballads for a need.

Sold. Very well sir; and Ile warrant thee thou shalt neuer want subiect to write of: One hangs himselfe to day, another drownes himselfe to morrow, a Serieant stabd next day, heere a Petti-fogger ath' Pillory, a Bawd in the Carts nose, and a Pander in the taile: *Hic Mulier, Hæc Vir*, Fashions, Fictions, Fellonies, Fooleries, a hundred hauens has the Ballad-monger to traffique at, and new ones still daily discouered.

Sch. Prethee Soldier, no further this way, I participate more of *Heraclitus* then *Democritus*, I could rather weepe the sinnes of the people then sing vm.

Sold. Shall I set thee downe a course to liue?

Sch. Faith, a coorse liuing I thinke must serue my turne; but why hast thou not found out thine owne yet?

Sold. Tush, thats resolu'd on, beg; when there's vse for me,
I shall bee braue agen, hugg'd, and belou'd:
Wee are like Winter garments, in the height
And hot blood of Summer, put off, throwne by
For moths-meate, neuer so much as thought on,
Till the Drum strikes vp stormes agen; and then,
Come, my well-lin'd Soldier, (with valour,
Not Valure) keepe me warme; Oh, I loue thee;
Wee shall bee trim'd and very well brusht then:
If wee be fac'd with Fur, 'tis tolerable;
For we may pillage then and steale our prey,
And not bee hangd for't; when the least fingring

In

In peacefull Summer choakes vs: A Soldier,
At the beſt, is euen but the forlorne hope
Vnto his Country, ſent deſperately out
And neuer more expected: if he come,
Peace's warre, perhaps, the Law prouidently
Has prouided for him, ſome houſe or lands
May be ſuſpenc't in wrangling controuerſie
And hee bee hir'd to keepe poſſeſſion:
For there may be ſwords drawne, he may become
The abiect ſecond to ſome ſtinking Bayly;
Oh, let him ſerue the Poxe firſt, and dye a Gentleman.
Come, I know my ends, but would faine prouide for thee:
Canſt thou make?

Sch. What? I haue no handicraft, man.

Sold. Cuckolds, make Cuckolds, 'tis a pretty trade
In a peacefull Citty; 'tis womens worke, man,
And they are good pay-maſters.

Sch. I dare not:
'Tis a worke of ſuper-errogation, and the Church forbids it.

Sold. Prethee, what's Latine for a Cuckold, Scholler?
I could neuer learne yet.

Sch. Faith, the Latines haue no proper word for it,
that euer I read; *Homo*, I take it, is the beſt,
Becauſe it is a common name to all men.

Sold. Y'are mad fellowes you Schollers; I am perſwaded,
Were I a Scholler now, I could not want.

Sch. Euery man's moſt capable of his owne griefe.
A Scholler ſaid you? why there are none now a dayes:
Were you a Scholler, you'd bee a ſingular fellow.

Sold. How, no Schollers? What's become of vm all?

Sch. Ile make it proofe from your experience:
A Commander's a Commander, Captaine, Captaine;
But, hauing no Soldiers, where's the command?
Such are wee, all Doctors, no Diſciples now;
Euery man's his owne teacher, none learnes of others:

You haue not heard of our Mechanick *Rabbies*,
That shall dispute in their owne tongues backward and forward,
With all the learned Fathers of the *Iewes*?

Sold. Mechanick *Rabbies*! what might those be!

Sch. Ile shew you sir, (and they are men are daily to be seene)
There's *Rabbi Iob*, a venerable Silkeweauer,
Iehu, a Throester, dwelling ith Spittle fields;
Theres *Rabbi Abimelech*, a learned Cobler,
Rabbi Lazarus, a superstichious Taylor:
These shall hold vp their Shittles, Needles, Awles,
Against the graueſt Leuite of the Land,
And giue no ground neither.

Sould. That I beleeue,
They haue no ground for any thing they doe.

Schol. You vnderstand right: and these men by practique
Haue got the *Theorie* of all the Arts
At their fingers ends, and in that they'le liue;
How ere they'le dye, I know not: for they change dayly.

Sould. This is strange,
How come they to attaine this knowledge?

Schol. As Boyes learne Arithmetique, practise with Counters
To reckon summes of siluer: so with their Tooles
They come to Grammar, Logick, Rhetorique
And all the Sciences; as for example,
The deuout Weauer sits within his Loome,
And thus hee makes a learned *Syllogisme*:
His Woofe the *Maior*, and his Warpe the *Minor*.
His Shittle then the braine, and firme conclusion,
Makes him a piece of Stuffe, that *Aristotle*,
Ramus, nor all the Logicians can take a pieces.

Sould. This has some likelihood.

Schol. So likewise by
His deepe instructiue and his mistick tooles,
The Taylor comes to be Rhetoricall,
First, on the spred Veluet, Sattin, Stuffe, or Cloth,

He

He chalkes out a circumferent Paraphraſe,
That goes about the buſh where the Thiefe ſtands.
Then comes his Sheeres in ſhape of an *Eclypſis*,
And takes away the rothers too long tayle:
By his Needle he vnderſtands *Ironia*,
That with one eye lookes two wayes at once:
Metonymia euer at his fingers ends.
Some call his Pickadell, *Synecdoche*:
But I thinke rather that ſhould be his Yard
Being but *Pars pro toto*, and by Metaphor
All know, the Selleridge vnder the ſhop-boord,
He cals his Hell, not that it is a place
Of Spirits abode, but that from that Abyſſe
Is no recouery or redemption
To any owners hand what euer falls.
I could runne further, wer't not tedious,
And place the ſtiffe-toed Cobler in his forme:
But let them mend themſelues, for yet all's naught;
They now learne onely neuer to be taught.

Sould. Let them alone; How ſhall we learne to liue?

Schol. Without booke is moſt perfect, for with 'vm (Science.
We ſhall hardly: thou maiſt keepe a Fence-Schoole, 'tis a Noble

Sould. I had rather be ith Crowne Office:
Thou maiſt keepe Schoole too, and doe good ſeruice
To bring vp children for the next age better.

Schol. 'Tis a poore liuing thats pickt out of boyes buttocks.

Schol. 'Tis ſomewhat better then the night-Farmer yet.

Muſique. *Pallas deſcends.*

Harke, What ſounds are theſe?

Schol. Ha? Theres ſomewhat more,
There is in ſight a glorious preſence,
A preſence more then humane.

Sould. An amazing one, Scholler; if euer thou couldſt coniure,
ſpeake now.

Schol. In name of all the Deities, what art thou?
Thy shine is more then Sub-celestiall,
'Tis at the least heauenly Angelicall.

Pall. A Patronesse vnto ye both, yee ignorant and vndeser-
uing Fauorites of my Fame; You are a Souldier?

Sould. Since these armes could weild Armes
I haue profest it, brightest Deitie.

Pall. To thee I am *Bellona*: you are a Scholler?

Schol. In that poore Pilgrimage (since I could goe)
I hitherto haue walkt.

Pall. To thee I am *Minerua*,
Pallas to both, Goddesse of Arts and Armes,
Of Armes and Arts, for neither haue precedence,
For hee's the complete man partakes of both,
The soule of Arts ioyn'd with the flesh of valour;
And he alone participates with me.
Thou art no Souldier vnlesse a Scholler,
Nor thou a Scholler vnlesse a Souldier.
Ye 'aue Noble breedings both, worthy Foundations,
And will ye build vp rotten Battlements?
On such faire groundsels? That will ruine all:
Lay Wisedome on thy Valour, on thy Wisedome, Valour;
For these are mutuall co-incidents,
What seekes the Souldier?

Sould. My maintenance.

Pall. Lay by thine Armes and take the Citie then.
Theres the full Cup and Cap of maintenance;
And your griefe is want too?

Schol. I want all but griefe.

Pall. No: you want most, what most you doe professe.
Where read you to bee rich was happiest?
He had no bay from *Phœbus*, nor from me
That e're wrote so, no *Minerua* in him,
My Priests haue taught, that pouertie is safe;
Sweet and secure: for nature giues man nothing

At his birth. When life and earth are wedded,
There's neither Baſon held nor Dowry giuen,
At parting nor is any garner ſtor'd,
Wardrope or Warehouſe kept for their returne:
Wherefore ſhall then man count his *Myriade's*
Of gold and ſiluer Idols: ſince thrifty Nature
Will nothing lend but ſhe will haue't agen,
And life and labour for her intereſt?
My Prieſts doe teach, Seek thou thy ſelfe within,
Make thy minde wealthy, thy knowing conſcience,
And thoſe ſhall keepe thee company from hence.
Or would you wiſh to emulate the gods,
Liue (as you may imagine) careleſſe and free,
With ioyes and pleaſures crown'd, and thoſe eternall,
This were to (farre) exceede 'vm: for while earth laſts
The Deities themſelues abate their fulneſſe,
Troubled with cryes of ne're contented man:
Man then to ſeeke and finde it, all that hope,
Fled when *Pandora's* Fatall box flew ope.

Sould. Diuine Lady, theres yet a competence
Which we come ſhort off.

Pall. That may as well be cauſ'd
From your owne negligence, as our ſlowe bleſſings:
But I'le preferre you to a greater power,
Euen *Iupiter* himſelfe, Father and King of Gods,
With whom I may well ioyne in iuſt complaint:
Theſe latter Ages haue diſpoil'd my Fame,
Minerua's Altars are all ruin'd now.
I had along ador'd *Paladium*,
Offerings and Ineenſe fuming on my ſhrine;
Rome held me deare, and old *Troy* gaue me worſhip,
All *Greece* renown'd me, till the *Ida* prize
Ioynd me with wrathfull *Iuno* to deſtroy 'vm,
(For we are better ruin'd, then prophan'd.)
Now let the latter ages count the gaines:

They got by wanton *Venus* sacrifice,
But I'le invoke great *Iupiter*.
Schol. Doe, Goddesse;
And re-erect the ruines of thy Fame
For Poesie can doe it.
Pall. Altitonant
Imperiall crown'd, and thunder-armed *Ione*,
Vnfold thy fierie Vaile, the flaming Robe
And superficies of thy better brightnesse,
Descend from thine Orbicular Chariot,
Listen the plaints of thy poore Votaries,
'Tis *Pallas* calls, thy Daughter, *Iupiter*,
Tane from thee by the Lemnian *Mulciber*,
A Midwife god to the deliverie
Of thy most Sacred fertill teeming braine.

Musique. *Iupiter descends.*

Harke, these sounds proclaime his willing sweet descent,
If not full blessings, expect some content.
Iup. What would our Daughter?
Pall. Iust-iudging *Ione*,
I meditate the suite of humble mortals,
By whose large Scepter all their Fates are swayd,
Aduerse or auspicious.
Iup. Tis more then *Iupiter*
Can doe to please vm, vnsatisfied man
Has in his ends no end, not hels Abysse
Is deeper gulf'd then greedy Auarice,
Ambition findes no Mountaine high enough,
For his aspiring Foote to stand vpon.
One drinkes out all his blessings into surfets,
Another throwes vm out as all were his,
And the Gods bound for prodigall supply,
What is hee liues content in any kinde?
That long incensed nature is now ready

To turne all backe into the fruitleſſe *Chaos.*
Pall. Theſe are two noble Vertues (my dread Syre)
Both Arts and Armes well-wiſhers vnto *Pallas.*
Iup. How can it be, but they haue both abuſ'd,
And would (for their ills) make our Iuſtice guiltie?
Shew them their ſhames, *Minerua*: what the yong world
In her vnſtable youth did then produce:
She ſhould grow grauer now, more ſage, more wiſe,
Know Concord, and the harmony of goodneſſe:
But if her old age ſtrike with harſher notes,
We may then thinke ſhe is too old, and dotes,
Strike by white Art, a Theomanticke power,
Magick Diuine, not the Diuels horror,
But the delicious Muſique of the Spheares,
The thrice three Worthies ſummon back to life:
There let vm ſee what artes and Armes commixt
(For they had both) did in the worlds broad face
Thoſe that did propagate and beget their fames,
And (for poſteritie) left laſting names.
Pall. I ſhall, great *Iupiter.*

Muſique and this Song as an Inuocation to the nine Muſes; (who in the time) are diſcouer'd on the vpper Stage, plac'd by the nine Worthies, and toward the concluſion deſcend, each one led by a Muſe, the moſt proper and pertinent to the perſon of the Worthy, as Therpſichore *with* Dauid; Vrania, *with* Ioſhua, *&c.*
After the Song Pallas *deſcribes them: Then dannce and Exeunt.*

The firſt SONG.

MVSES, Vſher in thoſe ſtates,
And amongſt 'vm chooſe your mates,
There wants not one, nor one to ſpare,

For

For thrice three, both your numbers are.
Learnings Mistris, faire *Caliope*,
Loude *Euterpe*, sweet *Therpsichore*,
Soft *Thalia*, sad *Melpomine*,
Pleasant *Clio*, large *Eratho*;
High aspiring eyde *Vrania*,
Hony-linguod *Polihymnia*;
Leaue awhile your *Thespian* Springs,
And vsher in those more then Kings:
We call them Worthies, 'tis their due,
Though long time dead, still liue by you.

Enter at the three seuerall doores, the nine Worthies, three after three; whom (as they enter)
PALLAS *describes.*

Pall. These three were Hebrewes,
This Noble Duke was he, at whose command
Hiperion rein'd his fierie Coursers in,
And fixed stood ouer Mount *Gilboa*,
This *Matthias* sonne, the *Maccabee*,
Vnder whose armes no lesse then Worthies fell.
This the most sweet and sacred *Psalmograph*,
These of another sort, of much lesse knowledge,
Little lesse valour, a *Macedonian* borne,
Whom afterwards the world could scarcely beare,
For his great weight in Conquest, this *Troy's* best souldiour;
This *Romes* first *Cesar*; these three of latter times,
And to the present more familiar.
Great *Charles* of *France*, and the braue *Bullome* Duke,
And this is *Britaines* glory, King'd thirteene times.
Ye haue faire aspects, more to expresse *Ioues* power,
Shew you haue motion for a louiall houre.

The

The Worthies Daunce, and Exeunt.

Iup. Were not theſe preſidents for all future ages?
Schol. But none attaines their glories (King of Starres:)
Theſe are the fames are follow'd, and purſu'd,
But neuer ouertaken.
Iup. The Fates below,
The gods armes are not ſhorten'd, nor doe we ſhine
With fainter influence; who conquers now,
Makes it his Tyrants Prize, and not his Honors,
Abuſing all the bleſſings of the gods.
Learnings and Arts are *Theories*, no practiques;
To vnderſtand is all they ſtudie too:
Men ſtriue to know too much, too little doe.

Enter Time.

Sould. Plaints are not ours alone (great *Iupiter.*)
See, *Time* himſelfe comes weeping.
Time. Who ha's more cauſe?
Who more wrong'd then Time? Time paſſes all men
With a regardleſſe eye, at beſt, the worſt
Expect him with a greedy appetite.
The landed Lord lookes for his Quarter day,
The big-bellied Vſurer for his teeming gold
That brings him forth the child of Intereſt:
He that beyond the bounds of heauens large bleſſing,
Hath made a fruitleſſe creature to increaſe:
Dull earthen Minerals to propagate,
Theſe onely doe expect and entertaine me:
But (being come) they bend their plodding heads,
And while they count their baggs, they let me paſſe,
Yet inſtant wiſh me come about agen.
Would Time deſerue their thankes, or *Ioue* their praiſe,
He muſt turne Time onely to Quarter dayes.

Oh, but my wrongs they are innumerable!
The Lawyer driues me off from Terme to Terme,
Bids me (and I doo't) bring forth my Alathæ
My poore child Truth, he sees, and will not see her:
What I could manifest in one cleere day,
He still delayes a cloudy *Iubile*.
The Prodigall wastes, and makes me sick with surfets:
The Drunkard (strong in Wine) trips vp my heeles,
And sets me topsie-turuy, on my head,
Waking my silent passage in the night
With Reuels, noise, and Thunder-clapping oathes,
And snorting on my bright *Meridian*,
And when they thinke I passe too slowly by:
They haue a new-found vapour to expell me,
They smoke me out: aske vm but why they doo't,
And he that worst can speake, yet this can say,
I take this whiffe to driue the Time away.
Oh, but the worst of all, women doe hate me:
I cannot set impression on their cheekes
With all my circular houres, dayes, months, and yeeres,
But 'tis wip'd off with glosse and pensilrie,
Nothing so hatefull, as gray haires and Time;
Rather no haire at all; 'tis sinnes *Autumne* now:
For those faire Trees that were more fairer cropt,
Or they fall of themselues, or will be lopt:
Euen Time it selfe (to number all his griefes)
Would waste himselfe vnto his ending date:
How many would eternitie with heere,
And that the Sunne, and Time, and Age might stand
And leaue their Annuall distinction,
That nature were bed-rid, all motion sleepe?
Time hauing then such foes, he's cause to weepe.
Redresse it *Iupiter*. *Exit Time.*

Iup. I tell thee, glorious Daughter: and you things

Shut

Shut vp in wretchedneſſe, the world knew once
His age of happineſſe; bleſſed times ownde him,
Till thoſe two vgly ills, Deceit, and Pride,
Made it a periſht ſubſtance: Pride brought in
Forgetfulneſſe of goodneſſe, Merit, Vertue,
And plac'd ridiculous Officers in life;
Vaine-glory, Faſhion, Humour, and ſuch toyes
That ſhame to be produc'd.
The phrenzie of Apparell, that's runne mad,
And knowes not where to ſettle Maſculine painting;
And the fiue Starches, mocking the fiue Sences,
All in their diffrent and ridiculous colours,
Which for their apiſh and fantaſtique follies,
I ſummon to make odious, and will fit vm
With flames of their owne colours.

Muſicke ſtriking vp a light fantaſticke Ayre, thoſe 5. Starches afore ſummon'd come dancing in, and after a ridiculous Straine, White-Starch challenging precedency, ſtanding vpon her right by Antiquity, out of her inſt anger preſents their pride to vm.

Theſe 5. Starches, White, Blue, Yellow, Greene and Red, all properly habited to expreſſe their affected colours.

Enter the fiue Starches.

White-Starch. What, no reſpect amongſt you? muſt I wake you
In your forgetfull duties? iet before me?
Take place of me? you rude preſumptuous goſſip:
'Pray who am I? not I the primitiue Starch?
You blew-eyde Frokin, lookes like fire and brimſtone;
You Cawdle-colour, much of the complexion
Of high Shroue-Tueſday Batter, yallow-hammer:
And you my Tanzy face, that ſhewes like Pride,
Seru'd vp in Sorrill ſops, greene Sickneſſe baggage:
And laſt, thou Red Starch, that wear'ſt all thy bluſhes

Vnder thy cheekes, looks like a strangled Moone calfe,
With all thy bloud settled about thy necke,
The Ensigne of thy shame, if thou hadst any;
Know, I'me Starch Protestant, thou Starch Puritane
With the blew nostrill, whose tongue lies i' thy nose.

Blew Star. Wicked interpretation!

Yell. Star. I ha known a white-fac't hyppocrite, Lady Sanctity,
A Yellow ne'r came neere her, and sh'as beene
A Citizens wife too, starcht like Innocence;
But the Diuels pranks not vglier: In her minde
Weares Yellow, huggs it, if her husbands trade
Could beare it, there's the spite: but since she cannot
Weare her owne linnen Yellow; yet she shewes
Her loue too't, and makes him weare Yellow hose.
I am as stiffe i' my opinion
As any Starch amongst you.

Green Star. I, as you.

Red Star. And I as any.

Blew Star. I scorne to come behinde.

Yell Star: Then conclude thus:
When all mens seuerall censures, all the Arguments
The world can bring vpon vs, are applyde;
The sinne's not i' the colour, but the pride.

All. Oracle Yellow.

The Straches Dance, and Exeunt.

Iup. These are the youngest Daughters of deceit,
With which the precious time of life's beguil'd,
Fool'd, and abus'd; Ile shew you straight their Father,
His shapes, his labours, than has vext the *world*
From age to age, and tost it from his first and simple state,
To the foule Center where it now abides;
Looke back but into Times, heere shall be shewne,
How many strange Remoues the world has knowne. *Musicke.*

Loud

Loud Muſicke ſounding, Iupiter *leaues his State.; and to ſhew the ſtrange Remoues of the World, places the Orbe, whoſe figure it beares, in the midſt of the Stage; to whom Simplicity, by order of time, has firſt acceſſe.*

Enter Simplicity.

Pall. Who's this, great *Iupiter?*

Iup. Simplicity: hee that had firſt poſſeſſion; one that ſtumbled vpon the world, and neuer minded it.

Simpl. Hah, hah! Ile goe ſee how the World lookes ſince I ſtept aſide from't, there's ſuch heauing and ſhouing about it, ſuch toyling and moyling; now I ſtumbled vpon't when I leaſt thought on't.

Takes vp the Orbe.

'Vds me, 'tis alterd of one ſide ſince I left it: hah, there's a Milke-maid got with childe ſince, me thinks; what, and a Shepheard forſworne himſelfe? heere's a foule corner: by this light, Subtilty has laid an egge too, and will go nye to hatch a Lawyer; this was well foreſeen: Ile marre the faſhion on't; ſo, the egg's broke, and 'tas a yolke as black as buckrom: Whats heere a this ſide? Oh, a dainty world; heere's one a ſealing with his tooth, and poore man hee has but one in all, I was affraid hee would haue left it vpon the paper, hee was ſo honeſtly earneſt; heere are the Reapers ſinging: Ile lay mine eare to 'em:

Enter Deceit like a Ranger.

Decei. Yonder's *Simplicity* whom I hate deadly;
H'as held the *world* too long; hee's but a foole,
A toy will coozen him: if I once faſten on't,
Ile make it ſuch a Nurcery for Hell,
Planting black Soules in't, it ſhall ne'r be fit
For honeſty to ſet her ſimples in.

Simpl. Whop! Heere's the coozningſt Raſcall in a Kingdome,
The Maſter villaine, h'as the thunders property,
For if he come but neere the Harueſt folkes,
His breath's ſo ſtrong, that he ſowres all their bottles;

If hee should but blow vpon the world now, the staine would neuer get out agen: I warrant, if hee were ripe, one might finde a swarme of Vsurers in his liuer, a cluster of Scriueners in his kidneys, and his very puddings stuft with Bayliffes.

Decei. I must speake faire to the Foole.

Simpl. He makes more neere me.

Decei. Lasse, who has put that load? that carriage
On poore *Simlcity*? had they no mercy?
Pretty, kind, louing worme; come, let me helpe it.

Simpl. Keepe off, and leaue your cogging; foh, how abominably he smells of controuersies, Schismes and Factions! me thinkes, I smell forty Religions together in him, and ne'r a good one; —his eyes looke like false lights, coozening trap-windowes.

Decei. The world, sweet heart, is full of cares and troubles,
No match for thee, thou art a tender thing,
A harmelesse quiet thing, a gentle foole,
Fit for the fellowship of Ewes and Rammes:
Goe, take thine ease and pipe; giue me the burthen,
The clog, the torment, the heart-breake, the world;
Heeres for thee, Lambe, a dainty Oaten Pipe.

Simpl. Poxe a your pipe; if I should dance after your pipe, I should soone dance to the Diuell.

Decei. I thinke, some serpent sure has lickt him ouer,
And giuen him only craft enough to keepe,
And go no farther with him; all the rest
Is innocence about him, truth and bluntnesse.
I must seeke other course; for I haue learn'd
Of my Infernall Sire, not to be lazy,
Faint or discourag'd at the tenth repulse:
Me thinks that world *Simplicity* now huggs fast,
Do's looke as if t should be *Decei's* at last. *Exit.*

Simpl. So, so, I'me glad hees vanisht: me thought I had much adoe to keep my selfe from a smatch of knauery, as long as he stood by me; for certainly villany is infectious, and in the greater person

the

the greater poyſon: as for example, hee that takes but the tich of a Citizen, may take the ſcab of a Courtier. Harke, the Reapers begin to ſing, they'r come neerer me thinks too.

The ſecond SONG.

HAppy times wee liue to ſee,
Whoſe Maſter is *Simplicity*:
This is the age where bleſſings flow,
In ioy we reape, in peace wee ſow;
Wee doe good deeds without delay,
Wee promiſe and wee keepe our day,
Wee loue for vertue, not for wealth,
Wee drinke no healths, but all for health,
Wee ſing, wee dance, wee pipe, wee play,
Our work's continuall Holiday,
Wee liue in poore contented ſort,
Yet neither beg, nor come at Court.

Simpl. Theſe Reapers haue the merrieſt liues, they haue muſicke to all they doe; they'l ſow with a Tabor, and get Children with a Pipe.

Enter King and Deceit.

Deceit. Sir, hee's a foole, the world belongs to you,
Y'are mighty in your worth and your command,
You know to gouerne, forme, make lawes, and take
Their ſweet and precious penalty, it befits
A mightineſſe like yours, the world was made
For ſuch a Lord as you, ſo abſolute
As Maieſty in all Princely noblenes.

As

As your ſelfe is; but to lye vſe-leſſe now,
Ruſty or lazy in a Fooles preheminence,
It is not for a glorious worth to ſuffer.
King. Thou'ſt ſaid enough.
Decei. Now my hope ripens fairely.
Simpl. Heer's a braue gliſtring Thing looks me ith' face,
I know not what to ſay too't.
Kin. What's thy name?
Sim. You may read it in my lookes: *Simplicity*.
Kin. What mak'ſt thou with ſo great a charge about thee?
Reſigne it vp to me, and be my Foole.
Simp. Troth that's the way to be your Foole indeed;
But ſhall I haue the priuiledge to foole freely?
Kin. As euer Folly had.
Simpl. I'me glad I'me rid ont.
Decei. Pray let me caſe your Maieſty.
Kin. Thou? hence
Baſe Sycophant, inſinuating hell-hound,
Lay not a finger on it, as thou lou'ſt
The ſtate of thy whole body; all thy filthy
And rotten flatteries ſtinke i' my remembrance,
And nothing is ſo loathſome as thy preſence.
Simpl. Sure this will proue a good Prince.
Decei. Still repulſt?
I muſt finde ground to thriue on. *Exit Deceit.*
Simpl. Pray remember now,
You had the world from me cleane as a pick,
Only a little ſmutted a one ſide,
With a baſtard got againſt it, or ſuch a toy,
No great corruption nor oppreſſion in't,
No knauery, tricks, nor coozenage.
Kin. Thou ſaiſt true, foole, the world has a cleere water.
Simpl. Make as few Lawes as you can then to trouble it, the fewer the better; for alwaies the more lawes you make, the more knaues

thriue

thriue by't, marke it when you will.

Kin. Thou'ſt counſell i' thee too.

Simpl. A little againſt knauery, I'me ſuch an enemy too't,
That it comes naturally from me to confound it.

Kin. Looke, what are thoſe?

Simpl. Tents, Tents; that part oth' world
Shewes like a Faire: but pray take notice on't,
There's not a Bawdy-Booth amongſt 'em all,
You haue 'em white and honeſt as I had 'em,
Looke that your Laundreſſes pollute 'em not.

Kin. How pleaſantly the Countries lye about,
Of which wee are ſole Lord: whats that ith' middle?

Simpl. Lookes like a point, you meane a very prick?

Kin. I, that, that.

Simpl. 'Tis the beginning of *Amſterdam*: they ſay the firſt brick there was laid with freſh Cheeſe and Creame; becauſe morter made of Lime and hayre was wicked, and committed fornication.

Enter a Land-Captaine and Deceit as a Soldier.

Kin. Peace, who are theſe approching?

Simpl. Bluſtering fellowes; the firſt's a Soldier, hee looks iuſt like March.

Decei. Captaine, 'tis you that haue the bloudy ſweats,
You venture life and limmes 'tis you that taſte
The ſtings of thirſt and hunger,

L. Capt. There thou haſt namde
Afflictions ſharper then the enemies ſwords.

Decei. Yet lets another carry away the World,
Of which, by right, you are the only Maſter,
Stand curtſing for your pay at your returne
Perhaps with woodden legs to euery Groome
That dares not look full right vpon a ſword,
Nor vpon any wound, or ſlit of honor?

L. Cap. No more, Ile be my ſelfe; I that vphold

Countries and Kingdomes, must I halt downe right,
And be propt vp with part of mine owne strength,
The least part too? Why, haue not I the power
To make my selfe stand absolute of my selfe,
That keepe vp others?

Kin. How cheeres our noble Captaine?

L. Cap. Our owne Captaine,
No more a hireling; your great Foe's at hand,
Seeke your defence elsewhere, for mine shall faile you,
Ile not be fellow-yoak't with death and danger
All my life time, and haue the World kept from me,
March in the heate of Summer in a bath,
A furnace girt about me, and in that agony,
With so much fire within me, forc'd to wade
Through a coole riuer, practising in life
The very paines of hell, now scorcht, now shiuering,
To call diseases early into my bones,
Before I'ue age enough to entertaine 'em:
No, he that has desire to keepe the World,
Let him ee'n take the sowre paines to defend it.

Kin. Stay, Man of Merit, it belongs to thee,
I cheerefully resigne it, all my Ambition
Is but the quiet calme of peacefull dayes;
And that faire good, I know, thy arme will raise.

L. Cap. Though now an absolute master; yet to thee
Euer a faithfull seruant.

Decei. Giue't me sir to lay vp, I am your Treasurer,
In a poore kinde. *Exit King.*

L. Cap. In a false kinde I grant thee:
How many vilde complaints from time to time
Has beene put vp against thee? they haue wearied me
More then a Battell sixteene houres a fighting,
I'ue heard the ragged Regiment so curse thee,
I look't next day for Leprosie vpon thee,

Or

Or puffes of peſtilence as big as Wens,
When thou wouldſt drop aſunder, like a thing
Inwardly eaten, thy skin only whole:
Auaunt, defrauder of poore ſoldiers rights,
Campe-Caterpiller, hence; or I will ſend thee
To make their rage a breakfaſt.

Decei. Is it poſſible?
Can I yet ſet no footing in the World?
I'm angry, but not weary; Ile hunt out ſtill:
For, being *Deceit*, I beare the Diuels name,
And he's known ſeldome to giue ore his game. *Exit Deceit.*

Simpl. Troth, now the World begins to bee in Huckſters handling; by this light, the Boothes are full of Cutlers, and yonders two or three queanes going to vittaile the campe: hah, would I were whipt, if yonder be not a Parſons daughter with a ſoldier betweene her legs, bag and baggage.

Sold. Now 'tis the Soldiers time, great *Iupiter*,
Now giue me leaue to enter on my fortunes,
The Worlds our owne.

Iup. Stay, beguild thing, this time
Is many ages diſcrepant from thine,
This was the ſeaſon when deſert was ſtoopt to,
By greatneſſe ſtoopt to, and acknowledg'd greateſt;
But in thy time now, deſert ſtoopes it ſelfe
To euery baſeneſſe, and makes Saints of Shadowes:
Be patient, and obſerue, how times are wrought,
Till it comes downe to thine that rewards naught.

Chambers ſhot off: Enter a Sea-Captaine and Deceit as a Purſer.

Omnes. Hah? what's the newes?

Sea Cap. Be ready if I call to giue fire to the Ordnance.

Simpl. Bleſſe vs all, herre's one ſpits fire as hee comes, hee will goe nye to mull the world with looking on it, how his eyes ſparckle?

Decei. Shall the Land-Captaine, ſir, vſurpe your right,
Yours that try thouſand dangers to his one,
Rocks, ſhelues, gulfs, quick-ſands, hundred hundred horrors,
That makes the Land-men tremble when th'are told;
Beſides the enemies encounter,
Sea Cap. Peace Purſer, no more, I'm vext, I'm kindled.
You, *Land Captaine*, quick, deliuer.
L. Cap. Proud Salt-Rouer, thou haſt the ſalutation of a theefe.
Sea Cap. Deliuer, or Ile thunder thee a pieces,
Make night within this houre, e'en at high noone,
Belch't from the Canon: dar'ſt expoſtulate
With me? my fury? What's thy merit, Land-worme,
That mine not centuples?
Thy lazy Marches and ſafe-footed battailes
Are but like dangerous dreames to my encounters:
Why, euery minute the Deepe gapes for me,
Beſide the fiery throats of the loud fight,
When we go too't, and our fell Ordnance play,
'Tis like the figure of a latter day.
Let me but giue the word, night begins now,
Thy breath and prize both beaten from thy body:
How dar'ſt thou be ſo ſlow? Not yet--then--
L. Cap. Hold.
Decei. I knew 'twould come at laſt.
Sea Cap. For this reſigne,
Part thou ſhalt haue ſtill, but the greateſt mine.
Only to vs belongs the golden ſway,
Th'Indies load vs; thou liu'ſt but by thy pay.
Decei. And ſhall your Purſer helpe you?
Sea Cap. No in ſooth Sir,
Coward and coozner; how many Sea-Battels
Haſt thou compounded to be cabled vp?
Yet when the fights were ended, who ſo ready
To caſt ſick ſoldiers and diſmembred wretches,

Ouer-boord, inſtantly, crying, away
With things without Armes; 'tis an ougly ſight;
When troth thine own ſhould haue been off by right:
But thou lay'ſt ſafe within a wall of hempe,
Telling the guns, and numbring 'em with farting:
Leaue me, and ſpeedily; Ile haue thee ram'd
Into a Culuerin elſe, and thy reare fleſh
Shot all into potcht eggs.
Decei. I will not leaue yet;
Deſtruction playes in me ſuch pleaſant ſtraines,
That I would purchaſe it with any paines. *Exit Deceit.*
Sea Cap. The motion's worthy, I will ioyne with thee,
Both to defend and enrich Maieſty.
Simpl. Hoyda! I can ſee nothing now for ſhips;
Harke a the Mariners.

The Mariners Song.

HEy, the World's ours, we haue got the time by chance;
Let vs thē carouſe & ſing, for the very houſe doth skip (and dance
That we doe now liue in:
Wee haue the merrieſt liues,
Wee haue the fruitfulſt Wiues
Of all men.
Wee neuer yet came home,
But the firſt houre we come,
We finde them all with childe agen.

A ſhout within: then, Enter two Mariners with Pipe and Can dancing ſeuerally by turnes, for ioy the World is come into their hands, then Exeunt.

Simpl. What a crue of mad Raskalls are theſe, they'r ready at euery Can to fall into the Haddocks mouthes, the World begins to loue Lappe now.

Enter a Flamin and Doctit like a--

Flam. Peace and the brightnesse of a holy loue,
Reflect their beauties on you.

Sea Cap. Whos this?

L. Capt. A Reuerend shape.

Sea Cap. Some Scholler.

L. Capt. A diuine one.

Sea Cap. He may be what he will for me, fellow Captaine;
For I haue seene no Church these fiue and twenty yeares;
I meane as people ought to see it, inwardly.

Flam. I haue a vertuous sorrow for you Sir,
And 'tis my speciall duty to weepe for you.
For to enioy one world as you doe there,
And be forgetfull of another Sir;
Oh, of a better millions of degrees!
It is a frailty and infirmity
That many teares must go for; all too little.
What is't to be the Lord of many battels,
And suffer to be ouer-run within you?
Abroad to conquer, and be slaues at home,
Remember theres a battell to be fought,
Which will vndoe you, if it be not thought.
And you must leaue that World, leaue it betimes,
That reformation may weepe of the crimes:
There's no indulgent hand the World should hold,
But a strict grasp, for making sinne so bold.
We should be carelesse of it, and not fond,
Of things so held, there is the best command.

Sea-Capt. Graue Sir, I giue thy words their deserued honour,
And to thy Sacred charge freely resigne,
All that my Fortune, and the Age made mine.

Simpl. If the world be not good now, 'twill ne'r be good,
Theres no hope on't.

Doct. I haue my wishes heere, my sanctified Patron,

He

Ile firſt fill all the Cheſts i'th Veſtry,
Then theres a ſecret Vault for Great mens Legacies.
Flam. Art not confounded yet? ſtrucke blinde or crippled,
For thy abuſiue thought, thou horrid hypocrite?
Are theſe the fruits of thy long Oriſons
Three houres together, of thy nine Lectures weekely,
Thy ſowning at the hearing of an oath,
Scarce to be fetcht agen? Away, depart,
Thou white-fac't Diuell, Author of Hereſie,
Schiſmes, Factions, Controuerſies: now I know thee
To be Deceit it ſelfe, wrought in by Simony,
To blowe corruption vpon Sacred vertue.
Dec. I made my ſelfe ſure here. Church faile me too?
I thought it meere impoſſible by all reaſon,
Since theres ſo large a bridge to walke vpon
'Twixt negligence and Superſtition.
Where could one better piece vp a full vice?
One ſeruice lazy, t'other ouer-nice:
There had beene twixt, roome enough for me:
I will take roote, or runne through each degree. *Exit Deceit.*
Simpl. Whoope, here's an alteration: by this hand, the Ships are all turn'd to Steeples; and the Bels ring for ioy, as if they would ſhake downe the Pinacles. How! the Maſons are at worke yonder, the free Maſons, I ſweare it's a free time for them: Ha! theres one building of a Chappell of eaſe: Oh, he's loth to take the paines to goe to Church: Why, will he haue it in's houſe, when the Prouerb ſayes, The Diuel's at home? Theſe great rich men muſt take their eaſe i' their Inne: they'le walke you a long mile or two to get a ſtomack for their victuals; but not a piece of a furlong to get an appetite to their prayers.

Flouriſh. Enter King, a Lawyer, and Deceit, as a Pettifogger.

Law. No more, the caſe is cleere.
Simpl. Slid, who haue we heere?

Law.

Law: He that pleades for the world, muſt fall
To his buſineſſe roundly, moſt gracious
And illuſtrious Prince, thus ſtands the caſe:
The world in Greeke is *Coſmos*, in Latine, *Mundus*,
In Law-French *La monde*, we leaue the Greeke,
And come to the Law-French, or glide vpon the Latine,
All's one buſineſſe; then *vnde mundus?* ſhall we come to that?
Nonne dirivatur à munditia?
The word cleanneſſe, *Mundus, quaſi mundus*, cleane,
And what can cleanſe or mundifie the world
Better then Law, the cleerer of all Caſes,
The Soueraigne pill or potion that expels
All poyſonous, rotten, and infectious wrongs,
From the vext boſome of the Common-wealth?
Theres a familiar phraſe implyes thus much,
I'le put you to your purgation; that is,
The Law ſhall cleanſe you: Can the ſick world then
Toſt vp and downe from time to time, repoſe it ſelfe
In a Phyſicians hand better improu'd?
Vpon my life and reputation,
In all the Courts I come at, be aſſur'd
Ile make it cleane.

Simpl. Yes, cleane away, I warrant you, we ſhall n'er ſee't agen.

Law. I grant, my Pils are bitter, I, and coſtly,
But their effects are rare, Diuine, and holſome,
Theres an *Excommunicate Capiendo*,
Capias poſt R. and an *Ne exeat Regno*.
I grant, theres bitter *Egrimony* in vm,
And *Antimony*, I put mony in all ſtill:
And it works precioufly, who eiects iniuries,
Makes vm belch forth in vomit but the Law?
Who cleeres the Widdowes caſe, and after gets her
If ſhe be wealthy: but the Aduocate?—then to conclude,
If you'l haue *Mundus, à Mundo*, cleane, firme,

Giue

Giue him to me, I'le ſcowre him euery Terme.

Flam. I part with't gladly, tak't into thy truſt,
So will it thriue, as thy intent is iuſt.

Dec. Pitie your Trampler, Sir, your poore Solliciter.

Law. Thee I Infamy to our profeſſion,
Which, without wrong to truth, next the Diuine one,
Is the moſt graue and honourable Function
That giues a Kingdome bleſt: but thou, the poyſon,
Diſeaſe, that growes cloſe to the heart of Law,
And mak'ſt raſh cenſurers thinke the ſound part periſh'd,
Thou fowle Eclipſe, that interpoſing Equity,
As the darke Earth, the Moone, mak'ſt the world Iudge,
That blackneſſe and corruption haue poſſeſt
The ſiluer-ſhine of Iuſtice; when tis onely
The ſmoke aſcending from thy poyſ'nous wayes,
Coſnage, Demurs, and fifteene Terme-delayes:
Yet hold thee, take the Muck on't, thats thine owne,
The Diuell and all; but the faire Fame and honor
Of righteous actions, good mens prayers and wiſhes,
Which is that glorious portion of the World
The noble Lawyer ſtriues for; that thy bribery,
Thy double-handed gripe ſhall neuer reach to:
With fat and filthy gaine thy Luſt may feaſt,
But poore mens curſes beat thee from the reſt.

Deceit. Ile feede vpon the Muck on't, that awhile
Shall ſatisfie my longings, Wealth is knowne
The abſolute ſtep to all promotion.

King. Let this be call'd the Spheare of harmony,
In which being met, lets all moue mutually.

Omnes. Faire Loue is i'the motion, Kingly Loue.

In this laſt Dance, (as an eaſe to memory,) all the former Remoouers come cloſe together, the Diuell and Deceit aiming at the World, but the World remaining now in the Lawyers poſſeſſion, expreſſing his re-

nerend and noble acknowledgement to the absolute power of Maiesty resignes it loyally to it's Royall Gouernment: Maiesty, to Valour; Valour, to Law again; Law to Religion; Religion, to Soueraignty; where it firmely and fairely settles; The Law confounding Deceit, and the Church, the Diuell.

Flam. Times suffer changes, and the world has beene
Vext with Remooues; but when his glorious peace
Firmely and fairely settles, here's his place,
Truth his defence, and Maiestie his grace:
We all acknowledge it belongs to you.

All. Onely to you, Sir. *They all deliuer the World vp to the King.*

Flam. Regis ad exemplum totus componitur orbis. — Which shewes,
That if the World forme it selfe by the King,
'Tis fit the Former should command the thing.

Decei. This is no place for vs.

Diuell. Depart, away,
I thought all these had been corrupted Euils,
No court of Vertues, but a guard of Diuels. *Exeunt Deceit and the Diuell.*

K. How blest am I in Subiects! here are those
That make all Kingdomes happy; worthy Souldier,
Faire Churchman, and thou vncorrupted Lawyer,
Vertues great miracle, that hast redeem'd
All Iustice from her ignominious name.

Simpl. You forget me, Sir.

K. What, *Simplicitie*!
Who thinkes of vertue, cannot forget thee.

Simpl. I marry, my masters: now it lookes like a braue world, indeed, how ciuilly those faire Ladies goe yonder! by this hand they are neither trimm'd nor trufl'd, nor ponyarded: Wonderment! O, yonder's a knot of fine-sharpe-needle-bearded Gallants, but that they weare Stammell Cloakes (me thinks) in stead of Scarlet: 'Slid, whats hee that carries out two Custards now vnder the Porters long nose? oh, hee leaues a bottle of Wine i'th Lodge: and

and all's pacified, cry mercy.

K. Continue but thus watchfull o'r your ſelues,
That the great cunning Enemies, *Deceit*
And his too mighty Lord, beguile you not;
And y'are the precious ornaments of State,
The glories of the world, fellowes to vertues,
Maſters of honeſt and well-purchaſ'd fortunes,
And I am fortunate in your partnerſhip;
But if you euer make your Hearts the houſes
Of falſ-hood and corruption, vglineſſe it ſelfe
Will be a beauty to you; and leſſe pointed at:
Spots in deformed faces, are ſcarce noted,
Faire cheekes are ſtainde, if ne'r ſo little blotted.

All. Euer the conſtant ſeruants to great Vertue.

K. Her loue inhabit you. *Exeunt.*

Iup. Now ſonnes of vexation.
Enuy, and diſcontent, what blame lay you
Vpon theſe times now? Which do's merit moſt
To be condemn'd, your dulneſſe, or the Age?
If now you thriue not, *Mercury* ſhall proclaime
Y'are vndeſeruers, and cry downe your Fame:
Be poore ſtill, Scholler, and thou wretch deſpiſ'd,
If in this glorious time thou canſt not proſper:
Vpon whoſe breſt Noble employments ſit,
By Honors hand, in golden Letters writ:
Nay, where the Prince of Nobleneſſe Himſelfe,
Proues our *Minerua's* valiant'ſt hopefull'ſt Sonne,
And early in his Spring puts Armor on.
Vnite your worth's, and make of two, one brother,
And be each one perfection to the other.
Scholler and Souldier muſt both ſhut in one,
That makes the abſolute and complete man:
So, now into the World, which if hereafter
You euer tax of foule ingratefull crimes,

Your dulneſſe I muſt puniſh, not the times.
Sould. Scholler, Honour to mighty *Iupiter*. *Iupiter aſcends.*
Sould. The *World's* in a good hand now, if it hold, brother.
Schol. I hope for many ages.
Sould. Fare thee well then,
Ile ouer, yonder to the moſt glorious VVarres
That e'er famde Chriſtian Kingdome.
Schol. And I'le ſettle
Heere, in a Land of a moſt glorious Peace
That euer made ioy fruitfull: where the Head
Of him that rules, to Learnings faire renowne,
Is doubly deckt with Lawrell, and a Crowne:
And both moſt worthily.
Sould: Giue me thy hand:
Proſperitie keepe with thee.
Schol. And the glory
Of Noble actions bring white haires vpon thee:
Preſent our wiſh with reuerence to this Place:
For here 't muſt be confirm'd, or 'tas no grace.
Exeunt ſeuerally.

EPI-

EPILOGVE.

GENTLEMEN,

WE muſt confeſſe, that we haue vented ware
Not alwayes vendible: Masques are more rare
Then Playes are common; at moſt, but twice a yeere
In their moſt glorious ſhapes doe they appeare.
Which if you pleaſe, accept, wee'le keepe in ſtore
Our debted lones, and thus entreat you more,
Inuert the Prouerbe now, and ſuffer not,
That which is ſeldome ſeene, be ſoone forgot.

FINIS.